

THE DAGLIGHTALE

Augustana's Student Newspaper

"As always, sooner than you expected it!"

September/October 2003



Big Thanks for O-Team, another job well done!!

Another year, another great O-Team! This year went smooth, without any problems, or at least that I know of. Hopefully all the Freshmen are grateful for what they did. So in short Cheers for O-Team.

ATTENTION ALL STUDENTS! -

Jason Hewitt

In May 2003 the Alberta government, ever famous for its stupid deregulation of important stuff such as electricity and natural gas prices, has once again took a step in the direction of driving poor people from

the province. Our government introduced Bill 43, the Post-Secondary Learning Act. Not important you say? Au contraire my mostly apathetic contemporaries. Read on and you will come to learn that this is very important indeed.

According to the informational pamphlet I

received concerning the issue, "Bill 43 drastically threatens the accessibility and affordability of our post secondary education system. How? Bill 43 removes the tuition cap." This means that tuition is deregulated. This means that there will no longer be a government instituted system which barely keeps education affordable. This means that post-secondary institutions of Alberta can charge whatever they want! That means tuition here could easily be \$10,000 alone come the time this bill passes! Holy Poop! The pamphlet says it best when it says, "The Alberta government has publicly stated in the past that

the tuition cap demonstrated the appropriate balance between the public purse and student contributions to post-secondary education. This statement represented a philosophy where post-secondary education was a public right and a public good. The government has now reneged on this problem and will not indicate how much they expect Albertans to pay. Bill 43 fails to identify any legislated or regulatory ceiling for tuition. This legislation hurts Alberta."

What a crappy deal. Once again, the rich get richer while the poor get poorer. It seems to me that Alberta, with it's "You ain't workin' 'cause you're lazy" attitude, is simply trying

to piss on the poor people. If tuition goes so high that only certain people can afford it then we are going to have a bunch of rich sissy people running things from now on. This is not to say that all rich people are sissies, but being fairly poor myself I can't help but feel attacked and this puts me in a defensive mode. The privileged become privileged to the detriment of those with less wealth. How's that work? As Ghandi once stated, "There's enough for the needy but not for the greedy." Think about it. If you would like to learn more about this issue log on to to find out more. Thanks for listening and party on.

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The Dangerous and Foolish Editors:

Pum & Jason

Students!!

Check your mailboxes and Augustana email often.
Your professors use these as official means of communication.

Augustana Students' Council 2003-2004

President - Matthew Hebert
Executive VP - Jeremy Wideman
VP External - Shauna Littlefair
VP Internal - Darci Penrod
First Year Reps - Brooke Glockler & Jeff Siddle
Second Year Reps - Michelle Campeau & Sarah Langenhoff
Third Year Rep - Leona Andrews
Fourth Year Rep - Kathy Maul
Off Campus Reps - Aaron Olofson & Dustin Pfeifer
International Students' Rep - Fahim Bayusuf
Board of Regents Rep - Preet Gill
Faculty Advisor - Dr. Philip Merklinger

O-Team

Many thanks to all
the volunteers
from Shauna. It
was the best O-
Team ever!!!

ASA Fall 2003 Election Results

Voter turn-out 254

First Year Rep - Brooke Glockler

Yes	64
No	22
Spoiled	1
Total:	87
Percentage:	74.1%

First Year Rep - Jeff Siddle

Yes	88
No	9
Spoiled	0
Total:	97
Percentage:	90.5%

Second Year Rep - Michelle Campeau

Yes	39
No	9
Spoiled	0
Total:	48
Percentage:	81.25%

Second Year Rep - Sarah Langenhoff

Yes	42
No	4
Spoiled	1
Total:	47
Percentage:	91.3%

Third Year Rep

Leona Andrews	40
Bethany Loates	24
Spoiled	1
Total:	65

Board of Regents Rep - Preet Gill

Yes	211
No	28
Spoiled	2
Total:	241

International Students Rep - Fahim Bayusuf

Yes	19
No	0
Spoiled	0
Total:	19
Percentage:	100%

*Welcome to the SA Page
a page for all of your
student association needs!*

We had an Augustana Interactive Radio Station?!

Sure we did. We had a radio station on campus run by students, until I closed it. Yep, for this year I shut the radio station down to do an assessment. Why have a radio station that no one listens to? Any returning students, I ask you, do you know the frequency AIR could be found at? At the beginning of last September a wonderful student was hired to run the station, to find DJ's and make the radio station known. He tried. He tried until he became thoroughly disgusted with the student body and hated his life. Now he's in Mexico.

Or Stettler, close enough. By the end of last year even the DJ's had given up on the station. Now it's up to me to find out what should be done. What do you think should be done? Next Dag I'll have a survey for you all to fill out, if you're interested. If you have any thoughts that you think I should know, tell me. My office, F207. Email me at smp-dm1@augustana.ca I'd like to hear from you.

Shauna Littlefair,
VP External, Augustana Student's Association
Bylaws Chair & Central Representative, ACTISEC

First Class Bash
Many thanks from Shauna again to all the volunteers who helped out with the First Class Bash.

October 29th is Bill 43 Day!
Don't know what Bill 43 means for you? Find out! Ask your SA, read the posters around campus. Your education will be affected!

SA Website
Our website has experienced 'technical difficulties', but check back soon for updated information on Council members and so much more.

Suggestion Boxes
Got something to tell us? Use the suggestion boxes located in the Classroom Building, Faith and Life Lounge, and by the Coffeehouse.

From Matt to You!

By now you have entered into routine and habits. The fun of the first week of September is a distant memory compared to the realization of the first week of October that mid-terms are very near. During this time back at Augustana you may (or may not) have heard about changes that have happened or that will be happening in the future. Your SA was busy over the summer keeping track and going to bat for students. First off, Augustana has a new President and a new Academic Dean and VP Academic Affairs. Filling in Richard Husfloen's shoes is Interim President Ted Langford.

Langford has been involved in post-secondary education for over 20 years. He has been involved in several transitions of post-secondary institutes including the transfer of Alberta Colleges into individual stand alone colleges. Former Academic Dean David Dahle has been replaced by Roger Epp. Epp is a Professor of Political Studies at Augustana and was formerly the Chair of the History, Sociology and Political Studies division. He has been at Augustana for over 13 years. The bigger news of this summer involves some fundamental changes for Augustana. It was quite evident last year, that the way things

were could not continue much longer. Part of this involved the abovementioned changes in the administration. Beyond that was a realization of Augustana's potential as a post-secondary institution and a desire to have AUC around for a long time to come. An opportunity presented itself in the form of a relationship with the University of Alberta. It proposed that Augustana join the U of A as a faculty while respecting its traditions. After much debate and discussion, the proposal was endorsed by all members of the Augustana community including the student's association. This proposal was endorsed by the own-

ers of Augustana, the Camrose Lutheran College Corporation, in early June. Shortly thereafter the University of Alberta endorsed negotiations to make Augustana a faculty of the U of A.

Over the summer, the administration was involved in many meetings with people from the U of A and the government about the transition. All indications from the U of A and government have been very positive. Both parties want and insist that Augustana retain its unique traditions and its community atmosphere.

At this time, Augustana is awaiting final approval from the government to commence the transition. This is the roadblock of the mo-

ment and no discussions can start without word on whether the government will provide greater funding to Augustana.

There are many questions about the final outcome. This final outcome will be the result of hard work. From my perspective, this process needs to be attuned to what students would like to see of this institution. A Transition Advisory Committee will be one of the bodies dealing with changes that will occur. Students have representation on this committee.

If at any time you have questions, do not hesitate to call 679-1541 and ask for any member of the Executive. Or, email sapresident@augustana.ca.

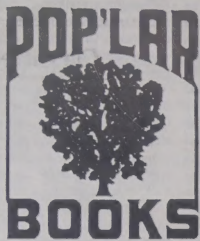
Farewell Vinyl Experiment! We'll All Kinda Miss Ya!

By Jason Hewitt

Sadly, the beginning of the school year was not full of cheer for all the little girls and boys at Augustana, for the greatest band in the frickin' history of ever has temporarily disbanded. Of course, I mean our very own townie/college band The Vinyl Experiment. Yes, the lead singer, Matt Gussel, is gone. He's going to Mexico to leave his fellow bandmates starving and cold in the frigid northern reaches of Canada. Lucky stiff.

The sendoff concert was a doozie. Held in the chapel at the beginning of September I was quite pleased to experience a pleasant and, if I may be so bold, beautiful musical experiment. I wasn't even stoned and I thought the music was kickass. Of course, there is really no way to explain what it was like if you weren't there so if you weren't than tough frickin' luck.

When asked what the Experiment was going to do next, Jeremy Wideman, lead guitar player for the band, stated that he and his remaining compatriots are going to attempt to put together a "super-band" for spring formal. (If there is a spring formal that is.) However, I must warn all fellow weasels out there. They are on the lookout for sneaky people who try to weasel their way into the band after someone quit. After asking whether or not they needed someone to sing, play guitar, or play drums, (since I do all of these things quite well), I was regarded with a silent kind of amusement. Guess I should have bided my time. Carry on my wayward sons and rock into the future!



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AUC a time for Change Or New Blood Brings Optimism Or something like that By Craig Mackie

For those of you who are new this year you might want to tune in. Augustana has had a not so gleaming and shiny past, and though we are out of the darkness we are not quite in the clear yet. This year and probably the next few to come will be what can otherwise be referred to as transition years. Yes, that's right Augustana will rise, and is in the process of rising, from its would-be ashes just as a phoenix would to reclaiming its rightful place as Alberta's Finest. The once not-so-financially-viable institution is trying to secure its future and boldly go where its dying brothers and sisters of the liberal arts era have, well, not gone; namely towards financial security and

integration into the public realm of the University of Alberta. No one knows what the beast will look like, though anything would be better than a defunct university college. There have been some major changes, a new President, a new Registrar and a new Dean of Academic Affairs and a number of new sessionals as well as some other changes that I'm sure we're forgetting. Let's not be *bitter or dwellers in the past* and just say that all of said changes are welcomed (IMMENSELY). So, the Dag caught up with new Dean of Academic Affairs Roger Epp to chat about the shoes he filled and to look into his magical crystal ball that can tell the future

of, well everything (remember he was, and still is a political studies prof., they know everything).

"One in five days I sit back and think that we're really doing something exciting here," Epp leads off with. After a few more questions and ten minutes later he finished that thought with, "The other four days I'm up to my eyeballs!" Everyone seems to have their hands full. "In principle, talks have been very good, but in practice it will be a matter of figuring out the details." The powers that be at AUC are currently in discussion with Alberta Learning (i.e. the government) and the U of A to try and hammer out a plan that can

keep Augustana Alive and Well. The Alive part has to do with its financial security, and has a lot to do with a commitment that will come from the Alberta government—a commitment that has not totally been secured. "We still waiting right now," commented Epp optimistically. Always politically minded he added, "I would suggest calling your MLA." The Well part of Augustana's future will have to do with how autonomous we can remain from the U of A and how well we use the advantages that come with being related to such a big institution. "There are three areas that we will need to figure out: how the programs fit in with the U of A system, how to integrate the faculty

and staff into an agreement with the U of A, and what the administration will look like. It will be very important to maintain and make sure we have and integrated and whole campus [here at Augustana]". On the whole the mood among faculty has been positive. Of course no one knows for sure what Augustana will look like five or even two years from now, but those who are around the discussion table are relieved that there is even an arena of discussion and seem to be optimistic about the future of our university. (Don't forget to write your MLA though!)

Editorials

Disclaimer: This is the letters to the editor, we don't believe in them, we just print them. For all the lawyers reading this, I have a packed suitcase and 500k in an off-shore account.

Dear Editors:

I would like to say how much I enjoyed the paper last year. Although I did not get all the jokes that were in the paper, I do understand that Biathletes were the ones writing articles and helping with the building process on a regular basis. For all those people that did *%#& all last year and complained that the paper was just a inside joke, well they're right; maybe you should write a article once of awhile. You only get what u put in.

-Omup

Dear old Editors

Where's the "Any Key"

-This years Editors

Dear Editors:

Is it alright to paint our dorm room green?
tee hee hee!

-noname(s)

zenriot.net

developed by students to facilitate the free and open exchange of ideas in the interests of collectively fostering community and creativity at augustana

Classifieds

SINGLE!! YOUNG
GOOD LOOKING
x-country skier from
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Thoughts

Tara Underhill

Here I am, back for another year. In my mind are so many mixed feelings about being here this year. I feel excited about the many things that I will get to do this year, but I also feel nervous and sad about what I am missing at home. When the Dag asked me to write about my summer for the paper, I thought about maybe writing about why my summer was both happy and sad. Most of my summer was spent working and visiting with my family. My sister came down with my eighteen-month-old niece for two months, and it was the first time I had seen them since just after my niece was

born. Perhaps it was fate that she came up this summer to see everyone, because in the middle of her visit, my mother got breast cancer.

According to what I have learnt so far, my mother has Stage II Cancer. This means that the cancer tumor was about 5 cm, and spread very quickly to her lymph nodes, but not to any other part of her body yet. The Surgeon in Hinton decided that they should operate quickly and move her up the waiting list for treatment. Almost two weeks later she went in for surgery and had a mastectomy and had 7 lymph nodes removed from underneath her arm.

She went back to the doctor a week later and asked him to leave out the technical terms and just tell her how successful the operation was. He told her that he might not have got all of the cancer out, because he is not God, and the best way to get all of it out would be to have another surgery later. She was very crushed by this news, and could not imagine having such invasive surgery ever again. Of course, I understand that the doctor said, because some things are out of his hands, but I still had faith that he did a good job.

On Wednesday the Tenth, she went in for her first Chemotherapy treatment.

Since she is having the strongest treatment available, she is also in need of the strongest anti-nausea medication available.

The purpose of chemotherapy is to stop the multiplication of cancer cells, and since other normal cells multiply, it can affect them as well. These other normal cells include hair; blood, mouth, nose and nail cells, but luckily, these cells have the capability to repair themselves. She will also need radiation treatments later, which involves high-energy beams of radiation to be focused on the affected area. Like chemotherapy, this treatment affects both normal and cancer cells, but nor-

mal cells are she able to repair themselves. My mother has a 75% chance of living 10 more years, which are very good chances. The longer makes it, the better her chances should be as long as she is getting treatment. I have been reassured that the Cross Cancer Treatment Center in Surrey, B.C. has a very good facility. I just wish that Surrey were not so far from here.

Dealing With Death : A personal Story by Krysta Hendrickson

I knew Jamie Hostyn. I grew up with her in Fort Saskatchewan. From grades four until six, we were very close. She would come over, where we would play house, vowing never to tell we still played with dolls. Jamie was one of the sweetest and nicest friends I had. I remember one rainy day in particular. It was in May, 1994. The Flintstones had just come to theaters, and we decided to see the matinee. However, the theater was so packed that we could not find two seats together. So, we found a lonely seat next to the wall, and Jamie sat through the entire movie on my arm rest, despite my protests and offers to switch. This was the Jamie I knew. I felt guilty; I knew that armrest was uncomfortable. I had won a Flintstones poster in a contest, and I gave it to her as a pay to pay her back for her kindness.

I was not prepared for the events on September 6, 2003. It is a weekend I will never forget. I was recovering from the First Class Bash, and my first, might I say stressful, week at university. I was sitting at my family's computer, playing The Sims when the news started. I was not paying attention at first as the six o'clock news started. I heard mention of an accident, involving two pickups. My first thought was Wow. How tragic, and my attention was swiftly returned to my game. It wasn't until they mentioned the name of one of the victims that my heart froze. I had turned around, hearing only the trail end of the report. Jamie was now on the screen, smiling at me. It was only a second, and I was sure I was wrong. I had to be wrong.

I ran to my Dad. He had taught Jamie in grade 5. I told him, in tears, that I thought I just saw Jamie on TV. He said that maybe I was mistaken. It didn't seem possible.

My Mom came home soon after. Trying to hold back the tears I told her about what I had thought I saw. She would sometimes take Jamie to church, and once in a while youth group. She told me not to get worked up quite yet, that the news couldn't release names yet, and that I possibly did not hear the news properly. But at the same time, she said it was a terrible thing, and hoped that Jamie wasn't involved.

I checked the CTV late night news. No victims were named. The next morning in the Sunday Sun, my biggest fear came true. I had lost my friend. Jamie, as I said, was 19, only a year younger than I was. I suppose that is what made her death so hard to deal with. I had grown up with her, and now, she's gone. Her death reminded me that life is fragile, and that one choice you make could alter another.

I was very angry, that this could happen to someone so young. She was whisked away before she had even had a chance at adulthood. Things like this shouldn't happen to someone so young. It just shouldn't. I wanted her to be remembered, I didn't want her life to be in vain. I didn't want her to be forgotten.

I was unable to attend Jamie's funeral on Friday, September 12. I couldn't make it home in time, being unable to arrange a ride home. Guilt engulfed the anger. A sense that I could not say Good bye haunted my thoughts. I couldn't find closure.

That night, I had an unusual dream. Most of the time, my dreams make no sense whatsoever. I dreamt that I was sitting with Jamie. We were talking together, and while I cannot remember the entire conversation, I distinctly remember her telling me that everything was alright. Not to feel bad, that there was nothing I could have done. She went on to say that she knew how terrible I felt, missing her funeral, but she understood, and that too was all right. Then we said good bye, and my dream turned back to its usual, nonsensical ways. I woke up, feeling strangely comforted. I felt as if I had found some sort of closure.

Now, I must admit, I have mixed feelings about my dream. I don't know quite how to take it. Perhaps it was a form of communication from Jamie. On the other hand, perhaps it was my subconscious coming through, telling me the words I so longingly wanted to hear.

Either way, I have found closure. Take it how you want. For those of you out there, dealing with grief, I would like to offer the following: TALK, get it out there, express your feelings any way you can. Every person is unique, and has their individual ways of expression. For those who have a friend who has lost someone, be supportive. When they open up to you, just listen. Don't interrupt or spend your time working out a rebuttal instead of hearing what they have to say. We now live in a society that has become a highly introverted world. Many feel societal pressure to withhold, even bottle up, their feelings. To break this bottle can be a giant leap for some, so try to be patient. I know I am much appreciative of those individuals who offered an opportunity to talk. There are many hotlines available to assist those who may feel uncomfortable speaking with friends and family. Also, the counselors at Augustana are simply wonderful, and have a great wealth of resources for a wide variety of issues, and would be more than happy to help in any way they can. One last thing. The next time you get into a vehicle, and decided whether or not to buckle up, I would ask that you think of Jamie, and how much you are willing to put on the line. If I have learned on thing from Jamie, it is this: life is short, and can be gone in a heartbeat. I know it's cliché, but live your life to the fullest, as if everyday is your last, and have no regrets.



Lizah Rutaroh

Country of Birth : Uganda, East Africa

In my twenty years of living I have experienced great joy from having the opportunity of studying in Augustana and meeting new people from all walks of life.

WELCOME TO THE CHAPEL PAGE!

Sarah Holmes

608 - 2694

Hey. So I'm a fourth year drama/rural development student here. I live in Solheim. If you haven't seen me before (second years) that's because I went on the Rural Development Exchange partnered with Mexico last year. I have some interesting stories about that, so look me up. I have a passion for jokes and trivial pursuit, but I can also be serious (for real!). I look forward to seeing you in chapel.



What is Chapel...

Well the chapel is a part of the Faith and Life Centre - behind those ominous glass doors that can be oh so intimidating. Once you get in the chapel though, you might find, as many have, that it is a place of serenity and peace as well as excitement and jubilation. Many different things take place in the chapel. Some nights when you walk by you might come across a music student doing a recital or a local band practising for a gig. During the day there might be groups of people in there hand drumming or practising for choir or participating in some of the chapel services or programs lead by Campus Ministry.

Campus Ministry can be identified in many different ways. Jean-Michel for example has amazing dreads and he kind of looks like a wooly bushman. Sarah is blonde with glasses sometimes and sometimes without glasses... come to think of it so is Diane, hmmm... Well... Dana runs around proclaiming a certain fruit as her last name and Elizabeth is an African student with lots of rhythm. Colin is distinct by his affinity for coffee and is usually shrouded by a baseball cap. But this is just the beginning. Trish Dandy will be helping us round up people who like to be musical, Krista Piebiak will be monkeying around with the Bethany Kids and asking people to be crazy with her. Darryl Dewalt is our University Cantor, (basically the main man for music), Barry Vall is our laid back counsellor, Dittmar Mündel and Craig Wentland filling in the pastor position Robyn Simpson Mohr will be our back bone keeping us sane and organized while advising us and planning worship.

The next question you might have is what do we all do anyway! Why do we have a Campus Ministry program? Well we organize and facilitate different programs and activities to increase spiritual awareness and create community and fellowship amongst God's people (Hey! That's you!!). We seek to be an accepting ecumenical community. All are welcome to attend and participate in all aspects of worship.

Our regular worship schedule is Monday, Wednesday, and Friday 10:00- 10:20. There are no scheduled classes at this time so everyone may feel free to attend. At the Monday service Pastor Craig making the Bible more relevant to our situations. At the Wednesday worship we share holy communion. Everyone is welcome to participate. The Friday service is enhanced by the music of the liturgical choir (which practices on Tuesday evenings at 6:00 right after soup supper in the chapel). Soup supper is a meal which we can all share together to talk about our week and engage in more in-depth discussions with sporadic guest speakers. Thurs-ti Thurs-day is an event that takes place every Thursday from 7-9pm and is a drop in coffee and conversation time where people can talk about current issues and events or just hang out chatting it up and getting to know new people. JAM (Jesus at midnight) is an event that happens once a month on a Friday evening. It is a contemporary worship service with upbeat chorus type songs that are reminiscent of camp. From 10-12 midnight we usually have games, small groups/ bible study time, a lot of songs, prayers and get to know you time. The next JAM is October 31.

Some other activities that are planned include small groups and bible studies lead by the student chaplains. Sarah has a group that will focus on movies, games, jokes and fun, fun, fun. Diane's group will be "Taking Care" of themselves by learning yoga and other self-care activities. J.M.'s group will be spending time in the great outdoors seeking special sacred places. Dana's group will seek to create hope for people by crafty creative-ness and baking blitzes using some amazing "Utensils and Outlets". Krista will be organizing Bethany Kids, an evening once a month to play and become friends with some really cool kids. We will also be leading worship at long term care facilities and lodges and at Edmonton's inner city mission to bring some music and help serve. If you'd like to be part of that get a hold of Dana. Elizabeth will be gathering people to help with chapel services by reading, greeting, serving communion, and lighting fires...oops I mean candles. If you'd like to help with any of these or have any questions find the people who's names have been mentioned or go up to Robyn's office (F216) and she'll point you in the right direction.



In memory of Richard Husfloen

This space for rent...

**HAPPY
BIRTHDAY
JENN PI**

BOO! HAHA!

I don't hate you for failing!
I love you for trying!

la la la la la la

I was jes' lookin' for my ego to be fed
But you just starved it instead

- Marge Simpson

- A line from one of
Jason Hewitt's songs

Sorry for the inconvenience
- God's Message to Creation
From 'The Hitchhiker's Guide to
the Galaxy' by Douglas Adams

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Dr. Bruce Janz was formerly a Philosophy professor here at Augustana. He is now teaching at the University of Central Florida. You can check out his webpage at <http://pegasus.cc.ucf.edu/~janzb/>

It is worthwhile to check out this site *especially* if you are a philosophy student or someone with an interest in philosophy, although it is an interdisciplinary site. There is a very comprehensive collection of fascinating links to find on this site.

1. There are not beaches everywhere. Despite the fact that I have a place next to a beach. It looks very pretty, but it probably contains alligators, and I've heard that when Navy divers were training there, they all came out with some bizarre skin disease. Despite that, people still water-ski on it. I'm not sure what that says about my neighbours here (or as they misspell it, "neighbors" - not quite used to that yet), but I haven't heard many reports of water-skiers with gator chunks out of them or turning into wisps of acid fog.

2. It is not always sunny. They name their storms down here, the way you might name your favourite pet or sandwich or pair of underwear. I haven't quite figured out how they tell the gender of storms, but apparently some are boys and some are girls. Really, I wouldn't even know where to look.

3. The students - well, what can I say? They're not all weird. Well, maybe they are, but I think you'd all get along just fine together. They watch the Simpsons too. They care about a lot of the same things, mostly whether they're hot but don't look like they're trying to be hot. Y'all have been there, right? (That's what we say down here, y'all. And "hawt". As in, "y'all's hawt".) One guy, from southern Georgia or somewhere like that, breathlessly told me in class that there were "a lot of blondes here". He seemed to approve. I didn't have the heart to tell him that none of it was real. We all need the illusions that get us through the day. Those of you who were kind enough to make up that huge blue card, and have everyone sign it - they're wondering down here, what the heck is a 9?

4. There are not American flags everywhere. Well, in the classrooms, ok, but that's it. Oh, and on the backs of vehicles. Sometimes on big poles in the backs of pickups. That's all. Oh, and in all official buildings, most businesses and professional offices. And in front yards. Back yards. Churches, right beside the altar, just so you don't forget who you're worshipping, or that God and George Bush are on speaking (or at least mumbling) terms. But other than that, not a single flag to be found anywhere. Nothing. Nada. I'm glad we've cleared that up.

5. They don't all talk funny (despite what I might have implied earlier), nor do they think that I talk funny. Well, maybe they do think I talk funny, but they've been too polite to tell me. Although, last week I was in Alabama, proudly #50 out of 50 states in almost everything. Some people there were more or less incoherent, although they seemed to understand each other just fine. I did manage to get to the place where they send all their luggage, and where you can buy other people's stuff. I think I found a whole bunch of your old suitcases and stuff.

6. They're not all Mouse crazy here. In fact, like Canadians, people here seem to delight in defining themselves against the monolith to the south. "Disney Does Not Define Orlando!!!", everyone says, although somewhat nervously, since that mouse has big ears. Of course, like Canadians, they aren't really very sure what does define Orlando if not Disney.

7. And, the place is not chock-full of retired folks. In fact, Camrose probably has more than Orlando. So, those who thought they might come here and be widow-bait, you'd have to keep going further south, or maybe over to Tampa, home of the land manates and all you can eat buffets.

8. People do not generally wander around in flowered shirts, beach shorts, little strapless whatever's, or (and let me make this perfectly clear), thongs. So, those of you who were advocating that I buy one of these items and wear it to go shopping or to the dentist, I want you to know that had I taken your advice, I would now be extremely embarrassed and possibly subject to public ridicule. It's a good thing I never listen to anything any of you ever tell me. You know who you are.

9. I also need to put some perspective on the legendary American ignorance about anything outside of their own borders. To be fair, the students I've met don't simply not know about the rest of the world - the state next door could be the planet Mars for most of them. So, it's not just American myopia, but lack of experience in the world. It probably isn't entirely their fault - their schools seem to spend an inordinate amount of time telling stories about how all of history has culminated in them, and how everyone in the world wants to be American. Anyway, I've been doing my part by telling them that the students at Augustana all live in igloos and that it is dark for 5 1/2 months of the year. And that Augustana is Canada's only university (or, at least, Alberta's Finest). And that we just got democracy and running water within the last 20 years. It seems only appropriate that, if there's going to be ignorance, it should at least be entertaining ignorance.

That's all I know in the heart of darkness.

Bruce Janz

Some Kind of
Poem
by Jason Hewitt

One thing
I can be sure of.
Existence
exists.
Or else
It wouldn't be
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Right Now

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Communism doesn't work because people like to own stuff.
Frank Zappa



MY VIBE:
Who are the people in your neighbourhood?

Mari Kondo

Where: Ravine Bridge
Into: I'm always into fashion! Clothes bring me happiness. I design and sew many of my clothes. I set up my brand, "Modern Mary" in 1998 and run a little business. It's awesome!
I'm also really into a Japanese string instrument called Koto. Ayako, in first year and I do a little Koto duet.
Encore Moment: When I dyed my hair baby pink. PINK IS THE BEST! My mom wouldn't walk with me though.
Embarrassing Moment: I do this quite often... call my dad by my dog's name.
In 10 Years: Married and living in a pink house (or still saying, "I don't need a man right now").
A cause that could enlist your support: North American Saran wrap. They put the cutting edge on the wrong side of the box and it never rips, smudges. All they have to do is put it on the inside and life'll become so much easier. Does anyone know where I can write and send my suggestion to?
Note: I'm 20, not 16. I hold a diploma in professional calligraphy. Let me know if my body wants a lesson from me! Japanese is my first language. I'm a music major and I think I am a really good cook.

Maiden of the Night

Selling your body for sex on the line
 the men don't see that this body is still mine
 they love their request and pay me my fee
 I leave their cars ashamed to be me

I stand on the street corner and wait for my next trick
 knowing that death could be lingering in the next pick

I open the door and when I climb in
 I'm faced with a cold-hearted toothless grin
 the lust is apparent and the fee is real small
 I leave their cars feeling no pleasure at all.

I cry myself to sleep in this dark world of seduction
 and wonder how close I am to self-destruction.

- Fawn Harris

Homeless Shadows

You see us in the alleys and laying in the parks
 You see us walking the streets at night in purple patches of the dark

You see us wearing filthy rags and no shoes on our feet
 You see us picking through garbage cans looking for something to eat

You see us in the shelters looking for a bed
 You see us in the soup kitchens hoping to be fed

You see us with tears in our eyes running down our cheeks
 But you don't stop to ask what's wrong because of how we look.

You see us burning newspapers in rotting garbage cans
 But you will never stop to ask if we need a hand.

Some of us will ask you "Can you spare some change?"
 But you will walk away from us as if we were a pain.

It's the loneliest kind of existence, but you will never know
 Unless you open up your heart and let your feelings flow.

- Fawn Harris



MY VIBE:
Who are the people in my neighbourhood?

Kipper

Where: Merchant's Inn & College House on Main Street (on the tall white building that used to be the old library)
Into: Cutting and styling my own hair. A good cut of coffee.
Encore moment: Today or last Thursday.
Embarrassing Moment: High school.
In 10 years: somewhere with a really good hair cut.
Cause that could enlist your passion: achieving the perfect hair cut.

WWE Superstars By Joel Lefevre

Wrestling has come full circle now in the WWE (for all you swine who don't follow wrestling that stands for world wrestling entertainment). I was watching a pay-per view preview over the weekend and it seems like wrestling has become as crazy as it's ever been. Everybody is getting into the wrestling act nowadays which is seen with the match this Sunday at Unforgiven between none other than broadcasters Jim Ross (good old J.R.) and his broadcast partner Jerry "the King" Lawler squaring off against WWE tough enough trainer Al Snow and his partner the Coach (a regular WWE reporter on Monday night RAW) with the winners earning the right to broadcast Raw every Monday night from now on. That match proves in my mind why wrestling is so exciting to watch because there are so many odd matchups and it is funny to watch guys who have no experience wrestling go at each other and fight. It reminds me of so many great matchups in the past involving celebrities or unknown people who have never wrestled before, such as NFL legend Lawrence Taylor squaring off with Bam Bam Bigelow at Wrestlemania, and let's not forget Wrestlemania I when Hulk Hogan joined forces with Mr.T which helped Wrestlemania become one of the biggest extravaganzas in sports entertainment. Wrestling is better than ever because you never know what's going to happen and

there are so many stars that emerge out of nowhere. I am reminded of Wrestlemania XIV in Seattle when Rowdy Roddy Piper who it seemed had vanished off the face of the planet after a distinguished WWE career interfered in the matchup between Hulk Hogan and Mr. McMahon with Hulk Hogan's career at stake. Out of nowhere Piper appears out of the crowd, enters the ring and starts kicking some serious butt. Then after giving Mr. McMahon quite the beating he turns around and nails Hulk Hogan in the head with a steel pipe. The great thing was that it was something we did not expect and even more unexpected was Hulk Hogan getting up after that shot to the head and miraculously overcoming all the odds and beating McMahon with his patented leg drop. That is what draws people to the WWE and that is why it has been the worldwide leader in sports entertainment. Most of you are probably saying right now "Sure it's unpredictable but it's all fake and it's all just planned and rehearsed and it's not that exciting." Well, to those people, you are mostly right except there are a lot of things that happen that are not planned and accidents that occur. Next time I'll be discussing more reasons why wrestling rocks and why the hell Triple H has been the world heavyweight champion for so long. I hope Goldberg kicks his fricken butt at Unforgiven. Well until next time SCREW FLANDERS!!!

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Hello children. I hope your warm vacations were good for you. This interview with a freshman student from Turkey, Tibor Vatschwelev, who has lived in the area for 2 years, was conducted by myself, Nigel Kendall. Enjoy.

NK: Hello Tibor, how are things?

TV: Good, yes.

NK: Tell me of your summer, the highs, then the lows.

TV: Yes.

NK: Okay, Tibor, go ahead, don't be afraid.

TV: I like movies.

NK: Okay, what, in your opinion, was the best movie of the summer?

TV: Willard.

NK: Ah yes, Willard, starring Crispin Glover, arguably the greatest actor of our time.

TV: I like music.

NK: Oh, what music?

TV: I love music. I hate rap and dance and all the other bar shit.

NK: Did you buy a new album? Go to a concert?

TV: Yes, I went to Foo Fighters, very good. Ummmm, The Dears, terrific. Lollapalooza, heaven. A Perfect Circle, orgasmic. I can go to heaven.

NK: What new albums stand out?

TV: Ummmmmm, Mortis.

NK: Mortis?

TV: He's a goblin who plays great Scandanavian metal. He has a dwarf penis.

NK: Interesting. Okay, thank you Tibor, anything you would like to say before we close the chapter on this love-in?

TV: I have a straw up my urethra. Ach!

NK: Good for you Tibor!

Creative Writing

‘VALLEY’UM

As a brand spanking new freshman this year, I was just recently flung into the tumultuous and complex world of “Dorm Life”, and the frightening scenario of making new friends at a rapid and almost impossible pace, in less than sanitary conditions. To my surprise, I’ve already caught a sickness. I like to call it NWT, a dangerous and almost fatal social disorder. Never being one to articulate intelligently on the spot, I tend to turn to choice phrases (Hey, who doesn’t?). This resulted in my affliction and close brush with NWT — Nervous Weather Talk.

It is almost difficult to count the number of times I have commented or discussed the weather this past week — How hot it is here, how hot it is elsewhere, hot cold we wish it were, how I didn’t bring summer clothes, how I wish I had a fan, how nice it would be to sleep at night instead of sweat (:P) and more recently, how cold it is, how I have to wear a sweater, how I’m grateful to be able to sleep tonight, how I’m glad I didn’t buy a fan, how I brought so many jackets.....

Why do we bother to discuss these things? WHO CARES? It’s the weather!!! It’s always changing, and it always unpredictable — we should know that by now. Yet for some reason during uncomfortable or new situations, discussing the weather is always something we feel we can fall back on. Screw getting to know each other — let’s talk about the weather! Its always there, its always happening. Boy, if I had a nickel for every time someone talked with me about the weather for the past year, I’d be rolling in coinage!

What’s worse is that we use this as an icebreaker for serious conversation. Or, at least an attempt for serious conversation. How serious can a conversation get when you start talking about something so inconsistent and general as weather? Just picture two people who barely know each other, having a serious conversation after weather.

“Nice weather we’re having! Almost 30 Degrees out!”

“Yeah! It’s awesome! So about your promiscuity.....”

Conversations that start in Nervous Weather Talk almost always end in Nervous Weather Silence (a side effect of the disorder), followed by a cough or two and a “Well, I guess I’ll be going.”

Why can’t we just bypass the whole weather thing? Why can’t people just open up to each other and say what they want to say? Why must we fear judgement so much that we wrap ourselves up in little balls of wool and flannel and then discuss them?

Every time I’ve started a conversation this week with weather, it has crashed and burned. Thankfully, I’m now recovering from NWT, with only a slightly damaged social life to show for it. But others aren’t so lucky.

Do me a favour — the next time someone starts to talk about the weather, change the subject and talk about what you really want to know — who they are, where they come from, what they believe, and how you differ. You’ll learn a lot more, improve your vocabulary (expanding it from words such as ‘cumulus cloud’ and ‘thunderstorm’), and might even possibly make a ‘gasp’ friend!

Till next time!

The Valley Girl

Three Lines For Free

%#@* sober

-ancient proverb

I got a coach in my room.....I got nothing

-Pumpo

I think even gay people should have the right to lose half of everything they own.

- Steve Hansen

Buy A Yearbook \$20.00 before April 30 Make the memories last!

- Yearbook Girl

It is well to remember that the entire universe, with one trifling exception, is composed of others

- Jason quoting some smart guy

In reference to the projector screen that goes up and down at the flick of the button:

“This is the best thing Augustana has done in a long time”

-Paula Marentette

CNS dude to prof: “Uh, so, do you still need a hook up?”

I think everyone should get a mullet ‘cause they’re freakin awesome.

John Mulbach

INTERVIEW WITH RA

DAG: "So hows it like to be a RA?"

RA: "I like it"

DAG: "Do u like the power that comes with it?"

RA: "What power?"

DAG: "You know, the power"

RA: "No"

DAG: "Sure you do, the kind when you walk into a room and you hear the clinking of beer cans under blankets and beds."

RA: "Sorry, gotta go deal with some RA shit"

DAG: "Hey im interviewing you"

RA: "You cant do that."

DAG: "-Jerk"

RA: "Am I still on the record? Yes? Then turn it off."

DAG: "I don't know how. Yeah, What ever man."

RA: "There thats the button right there you dumb fuck"

If I don't then I'll probably make fun of you, And now to the rant.

What's the deal with people who buy lawn gnomes? Never mind the people who for mysterious reasons steal them, hell its no mystery to me, these guys are just trying to do a public service. Even if they don't steal the little grey bearded bastards to help get rid of a neighbourhood eyesore, at least these guys didn't shell out good money for that shit. No, I have absolutely zero problem with people stealing lawn gnomes, there's nothing criminal about public service. The people who do need to be locked up, (with hopefully some police brutality on top), are these creepy, but ever mysterious and possibly pedantic, psycho bastards who must have too much damn time and money on their hands to get any kind of hobby besides arranging plastic repli-

cas of ugly creatures seen usually in poorly animated kids movies, or really bad acid trips. I mean there has got to be something mentally wrong with people who get perverted thrills out of visually abusing the eyes of their friends and neighbours. I guess the big question here is one often asked by Jerry Seinfeld, "who are these people?" I honestly have no answer to this question as I have never personally met a person who owns lawn gnomes. That could be why there is an aura of suspicion surrounding these suburban monstrosities. Or maybe it's the fact that the people who own them must have some sort of inferiority complex which causes them to carry an attitude of snotty foolishness. It just seems to me like their trying to send the message out that they don't give a sh*t what anyone thinks, when in fact they do or else they would not bother trying to

convince the rest of us that they don't by placing those hideous, abominable, steaming piles of excrement on the front of their lawns where everybody can see them. Anyways I'm gonna stop before I get off on a rant here... oh wait, I think I just did. Well, in that case if anyone out there is laughing, growling with rage, or just staring at the paper trying to figure out what the hell I'm talking about, then I believe my work here is finished. Well, till next time, in the words of Hal Johnson and Joanne McCloud "keep fit and have fun." (I'm not sure why I ripped them off, but damn that looks funny on paper.) See ya!



Razors' Rants Episode 1: Lawn Gnomes and the People Who Can Almost Tolerate Them

Hey. Sorry about that I've just always wanted to start an article with the word hey. Ok, now that is out of the way which means I'm almost ready to rant. Before I do I invite all of you out there to hit me with ideas of things that are going on you'd like to see made fun of, or situations that you think deserve the poison pen, sometimes (actually most of the time now that I think about it), even people deserve to be on the wrong side of a good rant (as long as its not anyone specific, and it can't be making fun of people because of race and things like that. Americans are always fair game in this column, though, as I like to make fun of them as much as I possibly can). Anyway, if you have a good idea, you can e-mail it to me: razor315@hotmail.com. If I like it, then you get to see me make fun of it.

Interview with Land Pearson

DAG: So Land, if thats your real name,

hats the story behind you?

Land: Yea it is Land North Pearson actually.

Land: Well I hail from the frozen city of whitehorse where we ride dog sleds and polar bears from igloo to igloo.

DAG: and what are you views, are you part of a secret society or something interesting?

Land: Well it wouldn't be too secret if I said anything now would it. Well, I have said to much already.

DAG: Your dangerous.

Land: Please watch over my shoulder for me now I don't want them to get me.

DAG: Man don't worry your story is safe with me, I'll take it to the grave.

Land: looks around quickly and shuts the blinds.

Land: Alright thats good, I hear you like the revolution.

DAG: looks around and drinks another beer.

Land: Careful if they know I have been here they may think I will return thus tampering with the goods here.

Land: I mean wait no there is no society everything is safe.

DAG: I have to tell you something, I'm not really a dag reporter, I'm a superman sent back to the past to change the future of one lucky lady...

Land: Can I help in the quest?

Land: My people are good at this sort of thing.

DAG: What people....?

Land: The people we don't talk about.

DAG: The ones from the non-existent society?

Land: Yes them

DAG: Got ya.

DAG: Is this line secure?

Land: Yes

Land: I hope this location is

Land: If not things are going to get weird because they will know

DAG: Wow I didn't know that they do telephone repairs at 9 pm

Land: Uh oh have to

Land: "poof goes the cloud of smoke"

Join the Communist Party

Revolution

Power to the people

RESPONSE TO A RALLY
OF HATEKRISTA MIEBIAK
JANICE FERGUSSON

Not long ago a rally was held at the legislature grounds in Edmonton in favour of "traditional marriage". The purpose of this rally was to show Ottawa that we, as Albertans, are against same sex marriages. I am an Albertan, born and raised, and I resent being lumped in with this group of right-wing conservatives. As if it's not bad enough that our capital, along with the rest of the country, think that Alberta is full of gun-totin', moonshine-swillin' rednecks, these people go and profess to the rest of the country that we, as Albertans, can't possibly fathom the thought of two people of the same sex being allowed to marry. King Ralph does not speak for all of us. As an Albertan and a member of the United Church of Canada, I could say that I am torn, but in no way whatsoever am I torn. It is times like this that I am ashamed to be an Albertan. The news coverage of this rally made me quite disturbed and appalled when I saw and heard what my fellow Albertans had to say. Now it's my turn to speak about this issue- my opinions in my words.

What does marriage really mean and why is terminology such a big issue? Same sex marriage- sounds pretty straightforward. Two people of the same sex join together in the union of marriage. The trouble comes with people's definition of marriage, a topic on which there has been many debates. "The bible says Adam and Eve, not Adam and Steve," can be heard spouted by many evangelical churchgoers. "It's a violation of my human rights," claims a homosexual man denied a marriage license. I think the definition of marriage is pretty simple- a union between two people who love and respect one another and provide a loving environment in which children can be raised. Two people, not just a man and a woman. A caring environment, in which children can be raised, not conceived. In my mind, these are the important components that must be provided for in a marriage, and if they are carried out by Adam and Eve, Adam and Steve, or Erin and Eve, it doesn't really matter. Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau once commented that the government has no place in the bedrooms of the nation, and he was right. Why do we need to tread into those waters again? Equality needs to be the key when

the government takes it upon themselves to make this decision, not how some people have interpreted the Bible. What right do they have to deny any group any rights or privileges?

There are many advantages that a couple receives once they are married, advantages that same sex couples are currently denied. One of the main benefits is tax breaks. Same sex couples are not able to file their taxes jointly, which would allow them to split their income to achieve the best possible scenario and get the best tax advantage. Without the legal status of marriage they are unable to make these claims. Healthcare plans, which only cover dependants of the individual they are issued for, do not allow a homosexual partner to be listed as a dependant. As a same sex couple, your partner is not regarded as your next of kin. This means that should you become incapacitated and are unable to make financial or medical decisions about your care or well being, the responsibility could potentially fall upon, for example, your estranged brother rather than your partner of thirty years. It is unfair and makes no sense, but that is the system that is in place right now.

Those opposed to same sex

marriage claim that it will change the definition of marriage and family. This is true... but is it wrong? The definition of family has changed and evolved over time. Once, a family was a mother, a father, and children- the nuclear family. That is now just one of many definitions of a family, which has been broadened to include blended, single parent, and common law families, not to mention those being raised by grandparents or other family members. These families are just as valid as the traditional nuclear family, and no one would deny that now. Meanings change as society changes. Most people against same sex marriage are hung up on the term. They believe that if laws are expanded to include homosexual couples, that all meaning will be lost, and there will no longer be a sacred union. How does allowing more people who are in love to share the bond of marriage release it of its sanctity? It doesn't.

This country has chosen to separate Church and State. The government should remember this when they decide to legalize the civil marriage of same sex couples. Just because the government believes that marriage between same sex couples is acceptable, doesn't mean that any church has to. ANY church can refuse to perform

ANY marriage. The government recognizing a marriage has nothing to do with the church recognizing one. No one is trying to force any church to do something that it believes is wrong.

Canada is a country that prides itself on many things. Diversity is one such source of pride. Canada is a country that will soon find itself in a confusing state of affairs if the government chooses not to allow same sex marriages. How can a country that is pro-choice, that will allow legal possession of marijuana, women's suffrage, and the abolishment of slavery not allow two consenting adults to marry? It is completely contradictory to what we, as a nation, pride ourselves on. Our politicians need to learn to choose their battles. This is a battle that shouldn't need to be fought at all. Trudeau was right, the government does not belong in the bedrooms of the nation. What goes on behind the closed doors of ones life, as long as it does not adversely affect another, should not be legislated against. I have a very hard time believing that whether Adam and Steve or Erin and Eve are married will greatly affect my life, or the lives of those around me. Marriage is a gift, and the government has no right to deny it to any of its citizens.

StatsCan study indicates bleak outlook for accessing post-secondary education

Edmonton - Statistics Canada released a study demonstrating what students have been saying for years; access to post-secondary education is being compromised. "Tuition, and other necessities are continually rising and placing post-secondary education out-of-reach for the average Albertan", said Stu Sherry, Chair for the Alberta College and Technical Institute Student Executive Council. The study indicates costs of tuition, other fees, books and living costs demand the average college student to pay \$9,330 each

year while attending post-secondary education. University students are responsible for \$11,200. By contrast, Quebec's CEGEP students are responsible for \$4,550 each year. "Quebec has the highest post-secondary education participation rates, among 18 to 24 year olds, in the country, and the lowest fees. There can be no question that costs in Alberta are affecting participation rates", insists ACTISEC Provincial Director Brett Bergie. Families with an income greater than \$80,000 per year are 83% more likely to see

their children participate in post-secondary education. That participation rate falls to 55% for families earning \$55,000 per year or less.

"One has to question the Klein Government's move to deregulate tuition in

Alberta through Bill 43. Examples of this move in other provinces have led to skyrocketing fees. I think we have already embarked on a system where access is denied for many qualified and willing stu-

dents", concludes Sherry.

You ever wonder why people in the caf laugh at you?



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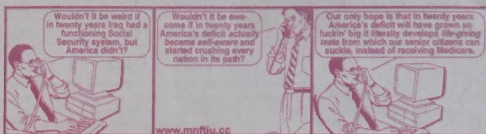
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At Least I Tried Jason Hewitt

This one time
I sat on a rock
It was kind of
comfortable
(for a while)
Until my butt got numb
I was comfortable
I shifted my weight
When I was
Uncomfortable
And then
I heard
A cough
The rock then
Politely asked
If I would sit where I was
For
It had an itch
And
My act of sitting
Right where I was
Was to it an act
Of scratching
So
I moved
Just a little bit
And the rock said
Not there
A little bit more
Not there
How about there
Not there
And so on
Until I realized
I wasn't quite comfortable
Sitting on rocks
And I laid in the grass
And let the sun watch me

Poetry

Rolled in a Page

The other day, I did something that no one's done before:
I stuck wheels to my homework, and rolled it out the door.
It toppled down my driveway, and out into the street,
Then slipped into a field, and hid amongst the wheat.
Some people lifted eyebrows; others asked me, "Why?"
At first, I'd thought the same thing: (why knew that words liked rye?)
I thought the furrowed eyebrows, the low marks in report,
Would not compare to freedom, of a poem sweet and short.
Who can practice lyrics, or answer assigned work,
When one knows that the teacher- will abuse it like a jerk?
They would take my homework, and poison it with ink,
They'd tame its wild content; the letter grade would stink.
"Completely unacceptable!" my English teacher scoffed.
Her face was tight, her fingers shook, and when she screamed she coughed.
My Writing teacher closed his eyes; one hand was on his head,
"You mean to tell me it's not done?" that's all the old man said.
My schoolwork was reckless; it took work to tie it down:
Each word made pages wobble; it beat the strongest noun.
Language grabbed my homework's lines, and forced each word to rule.
Each run-on ran for miles and miles- my homework hated school.
The pages crumpled simply, when I tried to write with force.
I couldn't use curriculum. My own work set its course.
Instead of giving teachers, the chance to calm my style,
I did one thing I'd never done, and left my works to rile.
They hid in darkened forests, and stood on lofty hills.
The pages found their places; they learned to find their skills.
The other day I did something and no one quite knows why:
I put wheels on my progress. Left limits back to die.

WAITING

If I could ever find you
The one I know inside my dream
My world would never be blue
Since I would know you were true

And if I only knew who
Everyone could know what I mean
Unto her could I be true
As any man should really do

But what can this dreamer do
For this girl he has never seen
And so he waits for her clue
A dream of one made into two

Dubya Says: "The reason we start a war is to fight a war, win a war, thereby causing no more war!"
 "I think anybody who doesn't think I'm smart enough to handle the job is underestimating me"
 "They misunderestimated me."
 "If this were a dictatorship, it'd be a heck of a lot easier...just as long as I'm the dictator"
 "I know the human being and fish can coexist peacefully"

Who's Dubya?
 Tee Hee



Missing



Ask Tom

"Tom how can I be a Topgun ace like yourself?"

-Tim

"First of all it's Iceman, shower, dry-off and play some volleyball."

-Iceman

"Tom-Iceman, I got my plane up to mach 3"

-unknown

"Shut up"

-Iceman

"I painted my dorm room green. Tee Hee"

-Twins

"Your Dangerous.... I got nothing"

-Tom



Sadda Says:



"Oh crap, another Bush, ok boys here we go again"

"You know this guys really getting on my nerves"

"OK lets pretend to have nukes and see where it goes"

"You know what, forget it you take over, I just got offered a manglers position at 7-11"

"I really don't like this guy"

"This evil thing just isn't working for me"



Painters for hire
 Call twins
 Tee hee

BOVINE OF THE MONTH

From the editors (mostly Pumo):

To all those who got their articles in on time thanks, and to those who didn't get them in one time, but did put something in, thanks. For all those people who didn't put something in, you're jerks, you read this paper, its free you know, maybe you could put something in. Compared to the time I put into this writing a few lines may take you 10 min.